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SONG.



THE AMERICAN REBELS!

Rebels! 'tis a holy name,
The name our Fathers bore
When battling in the cause of right,
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'tis our family name,
Our father, George Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gives this name to us, a right
Of father unto son.

Rebels! 'tis our given name,
Our mother Liberty
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief and fear and shame,
When at her breast were we.


Rebels! 'tis our sealed name,
A baptism of blood,
The war cry and the din of strife,
The fearful contest, life for life,
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 'tis a patriot name,
In struggles it was given,
We bore it then when tyrants raved,
And through their curses 'twas engraved
O'er the doomsday book of heaven.

Rebels! 'tis our fighting name,
For Peace rules o'er the land
Until they speak of craven woe,
Until our rights receive a blow
From foes or brothers hand.

Rebels! 'tis our dying name,
For althoug live is dear,
Yet, freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather life as freemen dead
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels if you will,
We'll glory in the name,
For, bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.



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